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HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

A

BURLESQUE POEM,

In BLANK VERSE.

BY

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere Magnum
Quam ſit, & anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla Priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur Orbita Clivo.

VIRG. Georg. Lib. III.

DUBLIN:

Re-printed by and for GEO. FAULKNER in *Eſſex-ſtreet*. M,DCCXL.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
30 62
MAR

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In BLANK VERSE.

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Ne fera cuivi dedine, quelli ce vincere Magnum
Quam fit, & angusta hanc addere rebus honorem.
Scdare Parnell defuta per ora dedit
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, qua nulla Priorum
Cafalina mali diverfitur Orbita Curus.
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DEDICATION

TO

Mr. *HOGARTH.*

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my Patron, being the greateſt Maſter in the Burleſque Way. In this indeed you have ſome Advantage of your poetical Brethren, that you paint to the Eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give Speech and Motion, and a greater Variety to our Figures. Your Province is the Town, leave me a ſmall Out-ride in the Country, and I ſhall be content. In this at leaſt let us both agree,

to make Vice and Folly the Object of our Redicule; and we cannot fail to be of some Service to Mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your Admirer, and

Most humble Servant,

W. S.

THE PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor Bards, when we have acquired a little Reputation to print ourſelves into Diſgrace. We climb the Aonian *Mount with Difficulty and Toil, we receive the Bays for which we languiſh'd; till graſping ſtill at more, we loſe our Hold, and fall at once to the Bottom.*

THE Author of this Piece wou'd not thus be Felo de ſe, *nor would he be murther'd by Perſons unknown. But as he is ſatisfied, that there are many imperfect Copies of this Triſle diſpers'd abroad, and as he is credibly inform'd, that he ſhall ſoon be expos'd to View in ſuch an Attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it moſt prudent in this deſperate Caſe to throw himſelf on the Mercy of the Public; and offer this whimſical Work a voluntary Sacrifice, in Hope that he ſtands a better Chance for their Indulgence, now it has receiv'd his laſt Hand, than when curtail'd and mangled by others.*

THE Poets of almoſt all Nations have celebrated the Games of their ſeveral Countries.

HOMER

HOMER *began, and all the mimic Tribe follow'd the Example of that great Father of Poetry. Even our own* MILTON, *who laid his Scene beyond the Limits of this ſublunary World, has found Room for Deſcriptions of this Sort, and has perform'd it in a more ſublime Manner than any who went before him. His, indeed, are Sports, but they are the Sports of Angels. This Gentleman has endeavour'd to do Juſtice to his Countrymen the* BRITISH *Freeholders, who, when dreſs'd in their Holy-day Cloaths, are by no means Perſons of a deſpicable Figure, but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greateſt Hero in the* Iliad. *There is alſo ſome Uſe in Deſcriptions of this Nature, ſince nothing gives us a clearer Idea of the Genius of a Nation, than their Sports and Diverſions. If we ſee People dancing, even in Wooden Shoes, and a Fiddle always at their Heels, we are ſoon convinc'd of the Levity and volatile Spirit of thoſe merry Slaves. The famous Bull Feaſts are an evident Token of the Quixotiſm and romantick Taſte of the* SPANIARDS. *And a Country Wake is too ſad an Image of the Infirmities of our own People: We ſee nothing but broken Heads, Bottles flying about, Tables overturned, outrageous Drunkenneſs, and eternal Squabble.*

THUS much of the Subject. It may not be improper to touch a little upon the Stile. One of greateſt Poets and moſt candid Critics of this Age, has inform'd us that there are two Sorts of Burleſque. Be pleas'd to take it in his own Words. SPECTATOR, *Numb.* 242. "Burleſque *(ſays he)* "is of two Kinds, [illegible] repreſents mean "Perſons

" Perſons in the Accoutrements of Heroes; the
" other, great Perſons acting and ſpeaking like
" the baſeſt among the People. Don QUIXOT
" is an Inſtance of the firſt, and LUCIAN's
" *Gods* of the ſecond. It is a Diſpute among
" The Criticks, whether Burleſque runs beſt in
" Heroic, like the *Diſpenſary*; or in Doggrel, like
" that of HUDIBRAS. I think where the low
" Character is to be rais'd, the Heroick is the
" moſt proper Meaſure; but where an Heroe is to
" be pull'd down and degraded, it is beſt done in
" Doggrel." *Thus far Mr.* ADDISON. *If therefore the Heroick is the proper Meaſure, where the low Character is to be rais'd,* MILTON's *Style muſt be very proper in the Subject here treated of; becauſe it raiſes the low Character more than is poſſible to be done under the Reſtraint of Rhyme; and the Ridicule chiefly conſiſts in raiſing that low Character. I beg leave to add the Authority of Mr.* SMITH, *in his Poem upon the Death of Mr.* JOHN PHILIPS. *The whole Paſſage is ſo very fine, and gives ſo clear an Idea of his Manner of writing, that the Reader will not think his Labour loſt in running it over.*

OH various Bard! you all our Pow'rs controul,
You now diſturb, and now divert the Soul.
MILTON and BUTLER in thy Muſe combine,
Above the laſt thy manly Beauties ſhine.
For as I've ſeen two Rival Wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
That on quick Turns, and Points in vain relies,
This with a Look demure, and ſteddy Eyes,
With dry Rebukes and ſneering Praiſe replies:
So thy grave Lines extort a juſter Smile;
Reach BUTLER's Fancy, but ſurpaſs his Style.

He

He ſpeaks SCARRON's low Phraſe in humble Strains;
In thee the ſolemn Air of great CERVANTES reigns.
What ſounding Lines his abject Themes expreſs!
What ſhining Words the pompous SHILLING dreſs!
There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer Piles that o'er its Ruins riſe.
In her beſt Light the Comic Muſe appears,
When ſhe with borrow'd Pride the Buſkin wears.
So when Nurſe NOKES to act young AMMON tries,
With ſhambling Legs, long Chin, and fooliſh Eyes,
With dangling Hands he ſtrokes th' imperial Robe,
And with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe.
The Pomp and ſound the whole Buffoon diſplay'd,
And AMMON's Son more Mirth than GOMEZ made.

But here it may be objected, that this Manner of Writing contradicts the Rule in Horace:

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

Monſieur BOILEAU, *in his Diſſertation upon the* Joconde *of de la* FONTAIN, *quotes this Paſſage in* HORACE, *and obſerves,* Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une choſe grande en ſtile bas, auſſi n'y a't-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une Hiſtoire comique & abſurde, en Termes graves & ſerieux. *But then he juſtly adds this Exception to the general Rule in* Horace; à moins que ce ſerieux ne ſoit effecté tout Exprés pour rendre la choſe encore plus burleſque. *If the Obſervation of that celebrated Critic, Monſieur* Dacier, *is true,* Horace *himſelf in the ſame Epiſtle to the* Piſo's, *and not far diſtant from the Rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the Burleſque by the Help of the Sublime, in his Note upon this Verſe.*

Debemur Morti nos noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terra Neptunus.——————

And

And upon the five following Verſes has this general Remark : Toutes ces Expreſſions nobles qu' HORACE entaſſe dans ce ſix vers ſervent à rendre plus plaiſante cette Chute :

Ne dum Verborum ſtet Honos.——

Car Rien ne contribue tant au *Ridicule* que le *Grand. He indeed would be ſevere upon himſelf alone, who ſhould cenſure this Way of Writing, when he muſt plainly ſee, that it is affected on Purpoſe, only to raiſe the Ridicule, and give the Reader a more agreeable Entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry Table ſo much as its being delivered with a grave and ſerious Air. Our Imaginations are agreeably ſurpriz'd, and fond of a Pleaſure ſo little expected. Whereas he, who would beſpeak our Laughter by an affected Grimace and ridiculous Geſtures, muſt play his Part very well indeed, or he will fall ſhort of the Idea he has rais'd. It is true,* VIRGIL *was very ſenſible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean Subject.*

Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quàm ſit, & anguſtis hunc addere rebus Honorem.

But tells us for our Encouragement in another Place,

In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria, ſiquem
Numina læva ſinunt, auditque vocatus APOLLO.

Mr. ADDISON *is of the ſame Opinion, and adds, that the Difficulty is very much increaſed by writing in Blank Verſe.* " *The* Engliſh *and* French, *ſays* " *he, who always uſe the ſame Words in Verſe, as* " *in ordinary Converſation, are forced to raiſe their* " *Language with Mataphors and Figures, or by the* " *Pompouſ-*

" *Pompouſneſs of the whole Phraſe to wear off any* " *Littleneſs, that appears in the particular Parts* " *that compoſe it. This makes our Blank Verſe,* " *where there is no Rhyme to ſupport the Expreſſion,* " *extremely difficult to ſuch as are not Maſters of the* " *Tongue; eſpecially when they write upon* low " Subjects." Remarks upon *Italy*, p. 99." *But there is even yet a greater Difficulty behind: The Writer in this Kind of Burleſque muſt not only keep up the Pomp and Dignity of the Style, but an artful Sneer ſhould appear thro' the whole Work; and every Man will judge, that it is no eaſy Matter to blend together the* Hero *and the* Harlequin.

If any Perſon ſhould want a Key to this Poem, his Curioſity ſhall be gratified; I ſhall in plain Words tell him, " *It is a Satire againſt the Luxury, the* " *Pride, the Wantonneſs, and quarrelſome Temper of* " *the middle Sort of People.*" *As theſe are the proper and genuine Cauſes of that barefac'd Knavery, and almoſt univerſal Poverty, which reign without Controul in every Place; and as to theſe, we owe our many Bankrupt Farmers, our Trade decayed, and Lands uncultivated; the Author has Reaſon to hope that no honeſt Man who loves his Country will think this ſhort Reproof out of Seaſon: For perhaps this Merry Way of ridiculing Men into Virtue, may have a better Effect, than the moſt ſerious Admonitions; ſince many who are proud to be thought Immoral, are not very fond of being Ridiculous.*

HOB-

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

ARGUMENT of the firſt Canto.

PRopoſition. *Invocation addreſs'd to Mr.* JOHN PHILIPS *Author of the* Cyder Poem *and* Splendid Shilling. *Deſcription of the Vale of* Eveſham. *The Seat of* HOBBINOL, HOBBINOL *a great Man in his Village, ſeated in his Wicker ſmoaking his Pipe, has one only Son. Young* HOBBINOL'S *Education, bred up with* GANDERETTA *his near Relation. Young* HOBBINOL *and* GANDERETTA *choſen King and Queen of* May. *Her Dreſs and Attendants. The* May-Games. TWANDILLO, *the Fidler, his Character. The Dancing.* GANDERETTA'S *extraordinary Performance. Bag-Pipes good Muſic in the High-Lands.* MILONIDES *Maſter of the Ring, diſciplines the Rabble; proclaims the ſeveral Prizes. His Speech.* PASTORAL *takes up the Belt. His Character, his Heroic Figure, his Confidence.* HOBBINOL, *by Permiſſion of* GANDERETTA, *accepts the Challenge, vaults into the Ring. His honourable Behaviour, eſcapes a Scowering.* GANDERETTA'S *Agony.* PASTORAL *foiled.* GADERETTA *not a little lea ed.*

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

CANTO I.

WHAT old MENALCAS at his Feaſt reveal'd
I ſing, ſtrange Feats of antient Proweſs, Deeds
Of high Renown while all his liſt'ning Gueſts
With eager Joy receiv'd the pleaſing Tale,

O * Thou! who late on VAGA's flow'ry Banks
Slumb'ring ſecure, with †*Stirom* well bedew'd,
Fallacious Caſk, in ſacred Dreams wert taught

* *Mr.* John Philips, *Author of the* Cyder-Poem. † *Strong* Herefordſhire Cyder.

By antient SEERS, and MERLIN Prophet old,
To raiſe ignoble Themes with Strains ſublime,
Be thou my Guide! while I thy Tract purſue
With Wing unequal, thro' the wide Expanſe
Advent'rous Range, and emulate thy Flights.

IN that rich *Vale, where with †*Dubinian* Fields
‡ *Cornavian* Borders meet, far fam'd of old
For ‖ MONTFORT's helpleſs Fate undaunted Earl;
Where from her fruitful Urn AVONA pours
Her kindly Torrent on the thirſty Glebe,
And pillages the Hills t'enrich the Plains;
On whoſe luxuriant Banks, Flow'rs of all Hues
Start up Spontaneous; and the teeming Soil
With haſty Shoots prevents its Owner's Pray'r;
The pamper'd wanton Steer of the ſharp Ax
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted Head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious Bane,
Nor knows the Price his Life, with envious Eye
His lab'ring Yoke-fellow beholds his Plight,
And deems him bleſt, while on his languid Neck
In ſolemn Sloth he tugs the lingring Plough,
So blind are Mortals, of each others State
Misjudging, ſelf-deceiv'd. Here as Supreme
Stern HOBBINOL in rural Plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended Fields, his large Domain.
The' obſequious Villagers, with Looks ſubmiſs

* *Vale of* Eveſham. † *Gloceſterſhire.* ‡ *Worceſterſhire.* ‖ Simon de Montfort *kill'd at the Battle of* Eveſham.

Obervant

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 MAR 62

Obſervant of his Eye, or when with Seed
T'impregnate Earth's fat Womb, or when to bring
With clam'rous Joy the bearded Harveſt home.

HERE, when the diſtant Sun lengthens the Nights,
When the keen Froſts the ſhiv'ring Farmer warn
To broach his mellow Caſk, and frequent Blaſts
Inſtruct the crackling Billets how to blaze,
In his warm Wicker-Chair, whoſe pliant Twigs
In cloſe Embraces joyn'd, with ſpacious Arch
Vault the thick-woven Roof, the bloated Churl
Loiters in State, each Arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding Pillows of the ſofteſt Down.
In Mind compos'd, from ſhort coeval Tube
He ſucks the Vapours bland, thick curlings Clouds
Of Smoak around his reeking Temples play;
Joyous he ſits, and impotent of Thought
Puffs away Care and Sorrow from his Heart.
How vain the Pomp of Kings! look down ye Great,
And view with envious Eye the downy Neſt,
Where ſoft Repoſe, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by Wealth, and unreſtrain'd by Pow'r.

ONE Son alone had bleſs'd his bridal Bed,
Whom good CALISTA bore, nor long ſurviv'd
To ſhare a Mother's Joy, but left the Babe
To his paternal Care. An Orphan Niece
Near the ſame Time his dying Brother ſent,
To claim his kind Support: The helpleſs Pair

In

In the ſame Cradle ſlept, nurs'd up with Care
By the ſame tender Hand, on the ſame Breaſts
Alternate hung with Joy; 'till Reaſon dawn'd,
And a new Light broke out by ſlow Degrees;
Then on the Floor the pretty Wantons play'd,
Gladding the Farmer's Heart with growing Hopes,
And Pleaſures erſt unfelt. When e'er with Cares
Oppreſs'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmleſs Prattle ſooth'd his troubled Soul.
Say, HOBBINOL, what Extaſies of Joy
Trill'd thro' thy Veins, when climbing for a Kiſs
With little Palms they ſtrok'd thy grizly Beard,
Or round thy Wicker whirl'd their ratt'ling Cars?
Thus from their earlieſt Days bred up, and train'd,
To mutual Fondneſs, with their Stature grew
The thriving Paſſion. What Love can decay
That roots ſo deep! Now rip'ning Manhood curl'd
On the gay Stripling's Chin: Her panting Breaſts,
And trembling Bluſhes glowing on her Cheeks
Her ſecret Wiſh betray'd: She at each Mart
All Eyes attracted; but her faithful Shade,
Young HOBBINOL, ne'er wander'd from her Side.
A Frown from him daſh'd ev'ry Rival's Hopes,
For he, like PELEUS Son was prone to Rage,
Inexorable, ſwift like him of Foot
With Eaſe cou'd overtake his daſtard Foe,
Nor ſpar'd the ſuppliant Wretch. And now approach'd
Thoſe merry Days, when all the Nymphs and Swains,

In

In ſolemn Feſtivals and rural Sports,
Pay their glad Homage to the blooming Spring.
Young HOBBINOL by joint Conſent is rais'd
T'imperial Dignity, and in his Hand
Bright GANDERETTA tripp'd the jovial Queen
Of MAIA's gaudy Month, profuſe of Flow'rs.
From each enamel'd Mead the attendant Nymphs
Loaded with od'rous Spoils, from theſe ſelect
Each Flow'r of gorgeous Die, and Garlands weave
Of party-colour'd Sweets; each buſy Hand
Adorns the jocund Queen: In her looſe Hair,
That to the Winds in wanton Ringlets Plays,
The tufted *Cowſlips* breath their faint Perfumes.
On her refulgent Brow, as Chriſtal cleat,
As *Parian* Marble ſmooth, *Narciſſus* hangs
His drooping Head, and views his Image there,
Unhappy Flow'r! *Panſies* of various hue,
Iris, *Hyacinth*, and *Aſphodel*,
To deck the Nymph, their richeſt Liv'ries wear,
And laviſh all their Pride. Not FLORA's ſelf
More lovely ſmiles, when to the dawning Year
Her op'ning Boſom heav'nly Fragrance breaths.

SEE on yon verdant Lawn, the gath'ring Crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom Nymphs advance
Uſher'd by jolly Clowns; Diſtinctions ceaſe
Loſt in the common Joy, and the bold Slave
Leans on his wealthy Maſter, unreprov'd:
The Sick no Pains can feel, no Wants the Poor.

Round

Round his fond Mother's Neck the ſmiling Babe
Exulting clings; hard by, decrepit Age
Prop'd on his Staff, with anxious Thought revolves
His Pleaſures paſt, and caſts his grave Remarks
Among the heedleſs Throng. The vig'rous Youth
Strips for the Combat, hopeful to ſubdue
The Fair one's long Diſdain, by Valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous Heart,
And prove his Merit equal to her Charms.
Soft Pity pleads his Cauſe; bluſhing ſhe views
His brawny Limbs, and his undaunted Eye,
That looks a proud Defiance on his Foes.
Reſolv'd, and obſtinately firm he ſtands,
Danger, nor Death he fears; while the rich Prize
Is Victory and Love. On the large Bough
Of a thick-ſpreading Elm TWANGDILLO ſits:
One Leg on *Iſter*'s Banks the hardy Swain
Left undiſmay'd, *Bellona*'s Light'ning ſcorch'd
His manly Viſage, but in Pity left
One Eye ſecure. He many a painful Bruiſe
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping Wound,
For brown *Kate*'s Sake, and for his Country's Weal.
Yet ſtill the merry Bard without Regret
Bears his own Ills, and with his ſounding Shell,
And comic Phyz, relieves his drooping Friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd Cat-gut ſqueals,
He tickles ev'ry String, to ev'ry Note
He bends his pliant Neck, his ſingle Eye
Twinkles with Joy, his active Stump beats Time.

Let

Let but this ſubtile Artiſt ſoftly touch
The trembling Chords, the faint expiring Swain
Trembles no leſs, and the fond yielding Maid
Is tweedled into Love. See with what Pomp
The gaudy Bands advance in trim Array!
Love beats in ev'ry Vein, from ev'ry Eye
Darts his contagious Flames. They friſk, they bound:
Now to briſk Airs, and to the ſpeaking Strings
Attentive, in Midway the Sexes meet;
Joyous their adverſe Fronts they cloſe, and preſs
To ſtrict Embrace, as reſolute to force
And ſtorm a Paſſage to each others Heart:
'Till by the varying Notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil diſparted: Each with longing Eyes
Purſues his Mate retiring, 'till again
The blended Sexes mix; then Hand in Hand
Faſt lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In Mazes intricate. The jocund Troop
Pleas'd with their grateful Toil, inceſſant ſhake
Their uncouth brawny Limbs and knock their Heels
Sonorous; down each Brow the trickling Balm
In Torrents flows, exhaling Sweets refreſh
The gazing Croud, and heav'nly Fragance fills
The Circuit wide. So danc'd in Days of Yore,
When ORPHEUS play'd a Leſſon to the Brutes,
The liſt'ning Savages; the ſpeckled Pard
Dandled the Kid, and with the bounding Roe
The Lion gambol'd. But what heav'nly Muſe

With equal Lays ſhall GANDERETTA ſing,
When Goddeſs-like ſhe skims the verdant Plain
Gracefully gliding? ev'ry raviſh'd Eye
The Nymph attracts, and ev'ry Heart ſhe wounds,
Thee moſt, tranſported HOBBINOL! Lo, now,
Now to thy op'ning Arms ſhe ſkuds along,
With yielding Bluſhes glowing on her Cheeks,
And Eyes that ſweetly languiſh; but too ſoon,
Too ſoon, alas! ſhe flies thy vain Embrace,
But flies to be purſu'd; nimbly ſhe trips,
And darts a Glance ſo tender, as ſhe turns,
That with new Hopes reliev'd, thy Joys revive,
Thy Stature's rais'd, and thou art more than Man.
Thy ſtately Port, and more majeſtick Air,
And ev'ry ſprightly Motion ſpeaks thy Love.

To the loud Bag-pipes ſolemn Voice attend,
Whoſe riſing Winds proclaim a Storm is nigh.
Harmonious Blaſts! that warm the frozen Blood
Of *Caledonia*'s Sons to Love, or War,
And cheer'd their drooping Hearts, robb'd of the Sun's
Enliv'ning Ray, that o'er the ſnowy *Alps*
Reluctant peeps, and ſpeeds to better Climes.

FORTHWITH in hoary Majeſty appears
One of gigantic Size, but Viſage wan,
MILONIDES the Strong, renown'd of old
For Feats of Arms, but, bending now with Years,

His Trunk unwieldy from the verdant Turf
He rears deliberate, and with his Plant
Of toughest Virgin Oak in rising aids
His trembling Limbs; his bald and wrinkled Front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious Scar, bespeaks
Submissive Rev'rence. He with Count'nance grim
Boasts his past Deeds, and with redoubled Strokes
Marshals the Crowd, and forms the Circle wide.
Stern Arbiter! like some huge Rock he stands,
That breaks th'incumbent Waves; they thronging press
In Troops confus'd, and rear their foaming Heads
Each above each, but from superior Force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest View
A liquid Theatre. With Hands uplift,
And Voice *Stentorian*, he proclaims aloud
Each rural Prize. " To him whose active Foot
" Foils his bold Foe, and rivets him to Earth,
" This Pair of Gloves, by curious Virgin Hands
" Embroider'd, seam'd with Silk, and fring'd with Gold,
" To him, who best the stubborn Hilts can wield,
" And bloody Marks of his Displeasure leave
" On his Opponent's Head, this Beaver white
" With Silver Edging grac'd, and Scarlet Plume.
" Ye taper Maidens! whose impetuous Speed
" Outflies the Roe, nor bends the tender Grass,
" See here this Prize, this rich lac'd Smock behold,
" White as your Bosoms, as your Kisses soft.

" Blest

" Bleſt Nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's peculiar Grace
" Allots this pompous Veſt, and worthy deems
" To win a Virgin, and to wear a Bride".

THE Gifts refulgent dazle all the Croud,
In ſpeechleſs Admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
Ev'n he who now each glorious Palm diſplays,
In ſullen Silence views his batter'd Limbs,
And ſighs his Vigour ſpent. Not ſo appall'd
Young PASTOREL, for active Strength renown'd:
Him *Ida* bore a Mountain Shepherdeſs;
On the bleak World the new-born Infant lay,
Expos'd to Winter Snows, and Northern Blaſts
Severe. As Heroes old, who from great *Jove*
Derive their proud Deſcent, ſo might he boaſt
His Line paternal: But be thou, my Muſe!
No leaky Blab, nor painful Umbrage give
To wealthy Squire, or doughty Knight, or Peer
Of high Degree. Him ev'ry ſhouting Ring
In Triumph crown'd, him ev'ry Champion fear'd,
From * *Kiftſgate* to remoteſt * *Henbury*.
High in the midſt the brawny Wreſtler ſtands,
A ſtately tow'ring Object; the tough Belt
Meaſures his ample Breaſt, and ſhades around
His Shoulders broad; proudly ſecure he kens
The tempting Prize, in his preſumptuous Thought

* *Two Hundreds in* Gloceſterſhire.

Already

Already gain'd; with partial Look the Croud
Approv'd his Claim; but HOBBINOL enrag'd
To ſee th' important Gifts ſo cheaply won,
And unconteſted Honours tamely loſt,
With lowly Rev'rence thus accoſts his Queen.

" FAIR Goddeſs! be propitious to my Vows;
" Smile on thy Slave, nor HERCULES himſelf
" Shall rob us of this Palm: That Boaſter vain
" Far other Port ſhall learn." She with a Look
That pierc'd his inmoſt Soul, ſmiling applauds
His gen'rous Ardour, with aſpiring Hope
Diſtends his Breaſt, and ſtirs the Man within,
Yet much, alas! ſhe fears, for much ſhe loves.
So from her Arms the *Paphian* Queen diſmiſs'd
The Warriour God, on glorious Slaughter bent,
Provok'd his Rage, and with her Eyes inflam'd
Her haughty Paramour. Swift as the Winds
Diſpel the fleeting Miſts, at once he ſtrips
His Royal Robes; and with a Frown, that chill'd
The Blood of the proud Youth, active he bounds
High o'er the Heads of Multitudes reclin'd:
But as beſeem'd one, whoſe plain honeſt Heart,
Nor Paſſion foul, nor Malice dark as Hell,
But Honour pure, and Love divine hath fir'd.
His Hand preſenting, on his ſturdy Foe
Diſdainfully he ſmiles; then quick as Thought,
With his Left-hand the Belt, and with his Right
His Shoulder ſeiz'd faſt griping; his right Foot

Eſſay'd

Eſſay'd the Champion's Strength, but firm he ſtood,
Fix'd as a Mountain-Aſh, and in his Turn
Repaid the bold Affront; his horny Fiſt
Faſt on his back he clos'd, and ſhook in Air
The cumb'rous Load. Nor Reſt nor Pauſe allow'd,
Their watchful Eyes inſtruct their buſy Feet;
They pant, they heave, each Nerve, each Sinew's ſtrain'd.
Graſping they cloſe, beneath each painful Gripe
The livid Tumours riſe, in briny Streams
The Sweat diſtills, and from their batter'd Shins
The clotted Gore diſtains the beaten Ground.
Each Swain his Wiſh, each trembling Nymph conceals
Her ſacred Dread; while ev'ry panting Breaſt
Alternate Fears, and Hopes, depreſs or raiſe.
Thus long in dubious Scale the Conteſt hung,
'Till PASTOREL impatient of Delay,
Collecting all his Force, a furious Stroke
At his left Ancle aim'd; 'twas Death to fall,
To ſtand impoſſible. O GANDERETTA!
What Horrors ſeize thy Soul! on thy pale Cheeks
The Roſes fade. But wav'ring long in Air,
Nor firm on Foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n,
On his right Knee he ſlip'd, and nimbly ſcap'd
The foul Diſgrace. Thus on the ſlacken'd Rope
The wingy-footed Artiſt, frail Support!
Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful Shrieks the Crowd
Lament his ſudden Fate, and yield him loſt:

He

He on his Hams, or on his brawny Rump
Sliding ſecure, derides their vain Diſtreſs.
Upſtarts the vig'rous HOBB'NOL undiſmay'd,
From Mother-Earth like old ANTÆUS rais'd,
With Might redoubled. Clamour and Applauſe
Shake all the neighb'ring Hills, *Avona*'s Banks
Return him loud Acclaim: With ardent Eyes
Fierce as a Tyger ruſhing from his Lair,
He graſp'd the Wriſt of his inſulting Foe.
Then with quick Wheel oblique, his Shoulder Point
Beneath his Breaſt he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his Head the ſprawling Youth he flung:
The hollow Ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The Croud preſs'd forward with tumultuous D in
Thoſe to relieve their faint expiring Friend,
With Gratulations theſe. Hands, Tongues, and
Caps,
Outragious Joy proclaim, ſhrill Fiddles ſqueak,
Hoarſe Bagpipes roar, and GANDERETTA ſmiles.

The End of the firſt CANTO.

ARGUMENT of the Second CANTO.

THE Fray. Tonſorio, Collin, Hildebrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. *Sir* RHADAMANTH *the Juſtice attended with his Guards comes to quell the Fray.* RHADAMANTH's *Speech. Tumult appeaſed.* GORGONIUS *the Butcher takes up the Hilts, his Character. The* KIFTSGATIAN's *Conſternation, look wiſtfully on* HOBBINOL; *his Speech. The Cudgel-playing.* GORGONIUS *knoc'd down, falls upon* TWANDILLO; *his Diſtreſs; his Lamentation over his broken Fiddle.*

CANTO II.

LONG with an univerſal Hubbub loud,
Deaf'ning each Ear, had drown'd each Accent mild;
'Till biting Taunts, and harſh approbrious Words
Vile Utt'rance found. How weak are human Minds!
How impotent to ſtem the ſwelling Tide,
And without Inſolence enjoy Succeſs!
The Vale-Inhabitants, proud, and elate
With Victory, know no Reſtraint, but give
A Looſe to Joy. Their Champion HOBBINOL
Vaunting they raiſe, above that Earth-born Race
Of Giants old, who piling Hills on Hills,
Pelion on *Oſſa*, with rebellious Aim
Made War on *Jove*. The ſturdy Mountaineers,
Who ſaw their Mightieſt fall'n, and in his Fall
Their Honours paſt impair'd, their Trophies won
By their proud Fathers who with Scorn look'd down
Upon the ſubject Vale, ſullied, deſpoil'd,

And level'd with the Duſt, no longer bear
The keen Reproach. But as when ſudden Fire
Seizes the ripen'd Grain, whoſe bending Ears
Invite the Reaper's Hand, the furious God
In ſooty Triumph rides dreadful, upborn,
On Wings of Wind, that with deſtructive Breath
Feed the fierce Flames, from Ridge to Ridge he bounds
Wide-waſting, and pernicious Ruin ſpreads:
So thro' the Croud from Breaſt to Breaſt ſwift flew
The propagated Rage; loud vollied Oaths,
Like Thunder burſting from a Cloud, gave Signs
Of Wrath awak'd. Prompt Fury ſoon ſupply'd
With Arms uncouth; tough well ſeaſoned Plants
Weighty with Lead infus'd on either Hoſt
Fall thick, and heavy; Stools in Pieces rent,
And Chairs and Forms, and batter'd Bowls are hurl'd
With fell Intent; like Bombs, the Bottles fly
Hiſſing in Air, their ſharp-edg'd Fragments drench'd
In the warm ſpouting Gore; Heaps driv'n on Heaps
Promiſcuous lie. TONSORIO now advanc'd
On the rough Edge of Battle, his broad Front
Beneath his ſhining Helm ſecure, as erſt
Was thine, MAMBRINO, ſtout *Iberian* Knight!
Defied the rattling Storm that on his Head
Fell innocent. A Table's ragged Frame
In his Right-hand he bore, *Herculean* Club!

Crouds

Crouds puſh'd on Crouds, before his potent Arm
Fled ignominious; Havock, and Diſmay,
Hung on their Rear. COLLIN a merry Swain,
Blith as the ſoaring Lark, as ſweet the Strains
Of his ſoft warbling Lips, that whiſt'ling chear
His lab'ring Team, they toſs their Heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy Plumage deck'd, with ſtern Diſdain
Beheld this Victor proud; his gen'rous Soul
Brook'd not the foul Diſgrace. High o'er his Head
His pond'rous Plough-Staff in both Hands he rais'd,
Erect he ſtood, and ſtretching ev'ry Nerve,
As from a forceful Engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd Helm, that yielding ſunk,
Beneath the Blow, and with its ſharpen'd Edge
Shear'd both his Ears, they on his Shoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as Thought the vig'rous
Youth
Short'ning his Staff, the other End he darts
Into his gaping Jaws. TONSORIO fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded Teeth and clotted
Gore
Half-choak'd, he fled; with him the Hoſt retir'd
Companions of his Shame; all but the ſtout,
And erſt unconquer'd HILDEBRAND, brave Man!
Bold Champion of the Hills! thy weighty Blows
Our Fathers felt diſmay'd; to keep thy Poſt
Unmov'd, whilome thy Valour's Choice now ſad
Neceſſity compels; decrepit now
With Age, and ſtiff with honourable Wounds,

He

He ſtands unterrified; one Crutch ſuſtains
His Frame Majeſtic, th'other in his Hand
He wields tremendous; like a Mountain Boar
In Toils enclos'd, he dares his circling Foes.
They ſhrink aloof, or ſoon with Shame repent
The raſh Aſſault, the Ruſtic Heroes fall
In Heaps around. CUDDY a dext'rous Youth,
When Force was vain, on fraudful Art relied:
Cloſe to the Ground low-cow'ring, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked Bill
Cut ſheer the frail Support, Prop of his Age:
Reeling a while he ſtood, and menac'd fierce
Th' inſiduous Swain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone and plough'd the Duſt. So the tall Oak,
Old Monarch of the Groves, that long had ſtood
The Shock of warring Winds, and the red Bolts
Of angry *Jove*, ſhorn of his leafy Shade
At laſt, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel Woodman ſpy the friendly Spur,
His only Hold; that ſever'd, ſoon he nods,
And ſhakes th' incumber'd Mountain as he falls.

WHEN Manly-Valour fail'd, a Female Arm
Reſtor'd the Fight. As in th' adjacent Booth
Black CINDARAXA's buſy Hand prepar'd
The ſmoaking Viands, ſhe beheld, abaſh'd,
The routed Hoſt, and all her daſtard Friends
Far ſcatter'd o'er the Plain; their ſhameful Flight

Griev'd

Griev'd her proud Heart, for hurried with the Stream
Ev'n TALGOL too had fled, her darling Boy.
A flaming Brand from off the glowing Hearth
The greaſy Heroine ſnatch'd, o're her pale Foes
The threat'ning Meteor ſhone, brandiſh'd in Air,
Or round their Heads in ruddy Circles play'd.
Acroſs the proſtrate HILDEBRAND ſhe ſtrode
Dreadfully bright: The Multitude appall'd
Fled diff'rent Ways, their Beards, their Hair in Flames,
Imprudent ſhe purſu'd, 'till on the Brink
Of the next Pool, with Force united preſs'd,
And waving round with huge two handed Sway
Her blazing Arms, into the muddy Lake
The bold Virago fell. Dire was the Fray
Between the warring Elements, of old
Thus *Mulciber*, and *Xanthus Dardan* Stream
In hideous Battle joyn'd. Juſt ſinking now
Into the boiling Deep, with ſuppliant Hands
She beg'd for Life; black Ouſe and Filth obſcene
Hung in her matted Hair: The ſhouting Crowd
Inſult her Woes, and proud of their Succeſs,
The dripping Amazon in Triumph lead.
Now, like a gath'ring Storm, the rallied Troops
Blacken'd the Plain. Young TALGOL from their Front,
With a fond Lover's Haſt, ſwift as the Hind,
That by the Huntſman's Voice alarm'd, had fled,

Panting

Panting returns, and ſeeks the gloomy Brake,
Where her dear Fawn lay hid, into the Booth
Impatient ruſh'd. But when the fatal Tale
He heard, the deareſt Treaſure of his Soul
Purloin'd, his *Cindy* loſt; ſtiff'ned and Pale
A while he ſtood, his kindling Ire at length
Burſt forth implacable, and injur'd Love,
Shot Lightning from his Eyes; a Spit he ſeiz'd,
Juſt reeking from the fat Surloyn, a long,
Unwieldy Spear; then with impetuous Rage
Preſs'd forward on th' embattled Hoſt, that ſhrunk
At his Approach. The rich AVARO firſt,
His fleſhy Rump bor'd with diſhoneſt Wounds,
Fled Bellowing; nor cou'd his num'rous Flocks,
Nor all the aſpiring Pyramids, that grace
His Yard well ſtor'd, ſave the penurious Clown.
Here CUBBIN fell, and there young COLLAKIN.
Nor his fond Mother's Pray'rs, nor ardent Vows
Of Love-ſick Maids cou'd move relentleſs Fate.
Where e'er he rag'd, with his far beaming Lance,
He thin'd their Ranks, and all their Battle ſwerv'd
With many an Inroad gor'd. Then caſt around
His furious Eyes, if haply he might find
The captive Fair; her in the Duſt he ſpied
Grov'ling, diſconſolate; thoſe Locks, that erſt
So bright, ſhone like the poliſh'd Jet defil'd
With Mire impure; thither with eager haſte
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched Maid
Proſtrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping Wounds

And

And welt'ring in her Blood, his trembling Hand
Soon drop'd the dreaded Lance; on her pale Cheeks
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing Storm,
That on his bare defenceleſs Brow fell thick
From ev'ry Arm; o'erpower'd at laſt, down ſunk
His drooping Head, on her cold Breaſt reclin'd.
Hail, faithful Pair! if ought my Verſe avail,
Nor Envy's Spite, nor Time ſhall e'er efface
The Records of your Fame; blind *Britiſh* Bards,
In Ages yet to come, on feſtal Days
Shall chant this mournful Tale, while liſt'ning Nymphs
Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous Heart
With active Valour glows, and virtuous Love.
How blind is pop'lar Fury! how perverſe,
When Broils inteſtine rage, and Force controuls
Reaſon and Law! As the torn Veſſel ſinks
Between the Burſt of adverſe Waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral Head, between
Contending Parties bruis'd, inceſſant peal'd
With random Strokes that undiſcerning fall;
Guiltleſs he ſuffers moſt, who leaſt offends.
MUNDUNGO from the bloody Field retir'd,
Cloſe in a Corner plied the peaceful Bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtleſs of Events,
Now deem'd himſelf conceal'd, wrapt in the Cloud
That iſſued from his Mouth, and the thick Fogs
That hung upon his Brows; but hoſtile Rage
Inquiſitive found out the ruſty Swain.

His ſhort black Tube, down his furr'd Throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious Gripe
The bulky Jordan, that before him ſtood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid Freight diſgorg'd
Upon the proſtrate Clown, flound'ring he lay
Beneath the muddy Bev'rage whelm'd, ſo late
His prime Delight. Thus the luxurious Waſp,
Voracious Inſect, by the fragrant Dregs
Allur'd, and in the viſcous Nectar plung'd,
His filmy Pennons ſtruggling flaps in vain,
Loſt in a Flood of Sweets. Still o'er the Plain
Fierce Onſet, and tumultuous Battle ſpread;
And now they fall, and now they riſe, incens'd
With animated Rage, while nought around
Is heard, but Clamour, Shout, and Female Cries,
And Curſes mix'd with Groans. Diſcord on high
Shook her infernal Scourge, and o'er their Heads
Scream'd with malignant Joy; when lo! between
The warring Hoſts appear'd Sage RHADAMANTH,
A Knight of high Renown. Nor QUIXOT bold,
Nor AMADIS of *Gaul*, nor HUDIBRAS,
Mirror of Knighthood, e'er cou'd vie with thee,
Great Sultan of the Vale! Thy Front ſevere,
As humble *Indians* to their Pagods bow,
The Clowns ſubmiſs aproach. *Themis* to thee
Commits her golden Balance, where ſhe weighs
Th' abandon'd Orphan's Sighs, the Widows Tears,
By thee gives ſure Redreſs, comforts the Heart
Oppreſs'd

Oppreſs'd with Woe, and rears the ſuppliant Knee.
Each bold Offender hides his guilty Head,
Aſtoniſh'd, when thy delegated Arm
Draws her vindictive Sword; at thy Command,
Stern Miniſter of Power Supreme! each Ward
Sends forth her brawny *Myrmidons*, their Clubs
Blazon'd with Royal Arms; diſpatchful Haſte
Sits earneſt on each Brow, and public Care.
Encompaſs'd round with theſe his dreadful Guards,
He ſpur'd his ſober Steed, grizled with Age,
And venerably dull; his Stirrups ſtretch'd
Beneath the Knightly Load; one Hand he fix'd
Upon his Saddle Bow, the other Palm
Before him ſpread, like ſome grave Orator
In *Athens*, or free *Rome*, when Eloquence
Subdu'd Mankind, and all the liſt'ning Crowd
Hung by their Ears on his perſuaſive Tongue,
He thus the jarring Multitude addreſs'd

" NEIGHBOURS, and Friends, and Countrymen, the Flow'r
" Of *Kiftſgate!* ah! what means this impious Broil?
" Is then the haughty *Gaul* no more your Care?
" Are *Landen*'s Plains ſo ſoon forgot, that thus
" Ye ſpill that Blood inglorious, waſte that Strength,
" Which well employ'd, once more might have compell'd
" The ſtripling *Anjou* to a ſhameful Flight?

" Or by your great Forefathers taught, have fix'd
" The *Britiſh* Standard on *Lutetian* Tow'rs?
" O Sight odious, deteſtable! O Times
" Degenerate, of antient Honour void!
" This Fact ſo foul, ſo riotous, inſults
" All Law, all Sov'reign Pow'r, and calls aloud
" For Vengeance; but, my Friends too well ye know,
" How ſlow his Arm to puniſh, and how bleeds
" This Heart, when forc'd on rigorous Extremes.
" O Countrymen! All, all, can teſtify
" My Vigilance, my Care for public Good.
" I am the Man who by your own free Choice
" Select from all the Tribes, in Senates rul'd
" Each warm Debate, and emptied all my Stores
" Of antient Science in my Country's Cauſe.
" Wiſe TACITUS, of Penetration deep,
" Each ſecret Spring reveal'd, THUANUS bold
" Breath'd Liberty, and all the mighty Dead,
" Rais'd at my Call, the *Britiſh* Rights confirm'd;
" While MUSGRAVE, How, and SEYMOUR ſneer'd in vain.
" I am the Man, who from the Bench exalt
" This Voice, ſtill grateful to your Ears, this Voice
" Which breaths for you alone. Where is the Wretch
" Diſtreſs'd, who in the Cobwebs of the Law
" Entangl'd, and in ſubtile Problems loſt,
" Seeks not to me for Aid? In Shoals they come
" Neglected, feeleſs Clients, nor return

" Unedify'd

" Unedify'd; ſcarce greater Multitudes
" At *Delphi* ſought the God, to learn their Fate
" From his dark Oracles. I am the Man,
" Whoſe watchful Providence, beyond the Date
" Of this frail Life extends, to future Times
" Beneficent, my uſeful Schemes ſhall ſteer
" The Common-Weal in Ages yet to come.
" Your Children's Children taught by me ſhall keep
" Their Rights inviolable: And as *Rome*
" The Sibyl's ſacred Books, tho' wrote on Leaves
" And ſcatter'd o'er the Ground, with pious Awe
" Collected; ſo your Sons ſhall glean with Care
" My hallow'd Fragments, ev'ry Scrip divine
" Conſult intent, of more intrinſic Worth
" Then half a *Vatican*. Hear me, my Friends!
" Hear me, my Countrymen! oh ſuffer not
" This hoary Head, employ'd for you alone,
" To ſink with Sorrow to the Grave." He ſpake,
And veil'd his Bonnet to the Crowd. As when
The Sov'reign of the Floods, o'er the rough Deep,
His awful Trident ſhakes, its Fury falls,
The warring Billows on each Hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is huſh'd,
The Multitude appeas'd; a chearful Dawn
Smiles on the Fields, the waving Throng ſubſides,
And the loud Tempeſt ſinks, becalm'd in Peace.

GORGONIUS now with haughty Strides advanc'd,
A Gauntlet ſeiz'd, firm on his Guard he ſtood
A formidable Foe, and dealt in Air
His empty Blows, a Prelude to the Fight.
Slaughter his Trade; full many a pamper'd Ox
Fell by his fatal Hand, the bulky Beaſt
Drag'd by his Horns, oft at one deadly Blow,
His Iron Fiſt deſcending cruſh'd his Skull,
And left him ſpurning on the bloody Floor,
While at his Feet the guiltleſs Ax was laid.
In dubious Fight of late one Eye he loſt,
Bor'd from its Orb, and the next glancing Stroke
Bruis'd ſore the riſing Arch, and bent his Noſe:
Nathleſs he triumph'd on the well-fought Stage,
Hockleian Hero! Nor was more deform'd
The *Cyclops* blind, nor of more monſtrous Size,
Nor his void Orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid Gore, ſevere Revenge
Of ſubtil *Ithacus*. Terribly gay
In his Buff Doublet, larded o'er with Fat
Of ſlaughter'd Brutes, the well-oil'd Champion ſhone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a Frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy Foe.
For now each Combatant, that erſt ſo bold
Vaunted his manly Deeds, in penſive Mood
Hung down his Head, and fix'd on Earth his Eyes,
Pale and diſmay'd. On HOBBINOL at laſt

Intent

Intent they gaze, in him alone their Hope,
Each Eye ſolicits him, each panting Heart
Joyns in the ſilent Suit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their ſecret Wiſh, and eas'd their doubting Minds.

"YE Men of *Kiftſgate!* Whoſe wide-ſpreading Fame
" In antient Days was ſung from Shore to Shore,
" To *Britiſh* Bards of old a copious Theme;
" Too well, alas! in your pale Cheeks I view
" Your daſtard Souls. O mean, degen'rate Race!
" But ſince on me ye call, each ſuppliant Eye
" Invites my ſov'reign Aid, lo! here I come,
" The Bulwark of your Fame, tho' ſcarce my Brows
" Are dry from glorious Toils, juſt now atchiev'd,
" To vindicate your Worth. Lo! here I ſwear,
" By all my great Forefathers fair Renown,
" By that the illuſtrious Wicker where they ſate
" In comely Pride, and in triumphant Sloth
" Gave Law to paſſive Clowns; or on this Spot
" In Glory's Prime, your HOBBINOL expires,
" And from his deareſt GANDERETTA'S Arms
" Sinks to Death's cold Embrace; or by this Hand
" That Stranger, big with Inſolence, ſhall fall
" Prone on the Ground, and do your Honour Right."

FORTH-

FORTHWITH the Hilts he ſeiz'd, but on his Arm
Fond GANDERETTA hung, and round his Neck
Curl'd in a ſoft Embrace. Honour and Love
A doubtful Conteſt wag'd, but from her ſoon
He ſprung relentleſs, all her Tears were vain,
Yet oft he turn'd, oft ſigh'd, thus pleading mild.

" ILL ſhou'd I merit theſe imperial Robes,
" Enſigns of Majeſty, by gen'ral Voice
" Conferr'd, ſhou'd Pain, or Death itſelf avail
" To ſhake the ſteddy Purpoſe of my Soul.
" Peace, fair One! Heaven will protect the Man,
" By thee held dear, and crown thy gen'rous Love."

HER from the liſted Field the Matrons ſage
Reluctant drew, and with fair Speeches ſooth'd.

Now Front to Front the fearleſs Champions meet;
GORGONIUS like a Tow'r, whoſe cloudy Top
Invades the Skies, ſtood low'ring; far beneath
The ſtrippling HOBBINOL, with careful Eye
Each Op'ning ſcans, and each unguarded Space
Meaſures intent. While negligently bold,
The bulky Combatant, whoſe Heart elate
Diſdain'd his puny Foe, now fondly deem'd
At one deciſive Stroke to win unhurt
An eaſy Victory; down came at once

The

The pond'rous Plant, with fell malicious Rage,
Aim'd at his Head direct; but the tough Hilts,
Swift interpos'd elude his Effort vain.
The cautious HOBBINOL, with ready Feet
Now ſhifts his Ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded Shins
Batters ſecure; each well-directed Blow
Bites to the Quick; thick as the falling Hail,
The Strokes redoubled peal his hollow Sides.
The Multitude amaz'd with Horror view
The rattling Storm, ſhrink back at ev'ry Blow,
And ſeem to feel his Wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnaſh'd his Teeth, and from his Blood-ſhot Eye
Red Light'ning flaſh'd, the fierce tumultuous Rage
Shook all his mighty Fabrick; once again
Erect he ſtands, collected and reſolv'd
To conquer, or to die: Swift as the Bolt
Of angry *Jove*, the weighty Plant deſcends;
But wary HOBBINOL, whoſe watchful Eye
Perceiv'd his kind Intent, ſlip'd on one Side
Declining; the vain Stroke from ſuch an Height,
With ſuch a Force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unwieldy Champion: On the ſolid Ground
He fell rebounding; breathleſs, and aſtunn'd,
His Trunk extended lay; ſore maim'd, from out
His heaving Breaſt, he belch'd a crimſon Flood.
Full leiſurely he roſe, but conſcious Shame

Of

Of Honour loſt his failing Strength renew'd.
Rage, and Revenge, and ever-during Hate,
Blacken'd his ſtormy Front; raſh, furious, blind,
And laviſh of his Blood, of random Strokes
He laid on Load; without Deſign or Art
Onward he preſs'd outrageous, while his Foe
Encircling wheels, or Inch by Inch retires,
Wiſe Niggard of his Strength. Yet all thy Care,
O HOBBINOL! avail'd not to prevent
One hapleſs Blow; o'er his ſtrong Guard the Plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty Point impreſs'd
His nervous Chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet thus diſtreſs'd, intrepid bore
His Hilts aloft, and guarded well his Head.
So when th' unwary Clown, with haſty Step,
Cruſhes the folded Snake her wounded Parts
Grov'ling ſhe trails along, but her high Creſt
Erect ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled Pride,
She ſwells inflam'd, and with her forky Tongue
Threatens Deſtruction. With like eager Haſte,
Th' impatient HOBB'NOL, whoſe exceſſive Pain
Stung to his Heart, a ſpeedy Vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the Means; a Feint he made
With well diſſembled Guile, his batter'd Shins
Mark'd with his Eyes, and menac'd with his Plant.
GORGONIUS, whoſe long-ſuff'ring Legs ſcarce bore
His comb'rous Bulk, to his Supporters frail
Indulgent, ſoon the friendly Hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded Creſt

The

The Stroke deluſive fell; a diſmal Groan
Burſt from his hollow Cheſt, his trembling Hands
Forſook the Hilts, acroſs the ſpacious Ring
Backward he reel'd, the Crowd affrighted fly
T'eſcape the falling Ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard Fate, TWANGDILLO! to receive
His pond'rous Trunk; on thee, on helpleſs thee,
Headlong, and heavy, the foul Monſter fell.
Beneath a Mountain's Weight, th' unhappy Bard
Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy Song,
O Seer of *Thrace!* nor more ſevere thy Fate,
His vocal Shell, the Solace, and Support
Of wretched Age, gave one melodious Scream,
And in a thouſand Fragments ſtrow'd the Plain.
The Nymphs, ſure Friends to his harmonious Mirth,
Fly to his Aid, his hairy Breaſt expoſe
To each refreſhing Gale, and with ſoft Hands
His Temples chafe; at their perſuaſive Touch
His fleeting Soul returns, upon his Rump
He ſate diſconſolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the ſhatter'd Fragments, down again
He ſunk expiring; by their friendly Care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice aſſay'd to ſpeak,
And thrice the riſing Sobs his Voice ſubdu'd:
'Till thus at laſt his wretched Plight he mourn'd.

" SWEET Inſtrument of Mirth! ſole Comfort left
" To my declining Years! whoſe ſprightly Notes

" Reſtor'd my Vigour, and renew'd my Bloom,
" Soft healing Balm to ev'ry wounded Heart!
" Deſpairing, dying Swains, from the cold Ground
" Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious Call,
" With raviſh'd Ears receiv'd the flowing Joy.
" Gay Pleaſantry, and Care-beguiling Joke.
" Thy ſure Attendants were, and at thy Voice
" All Nature ſmil'd. But, oh! his Hand no more
" Shall touch thy wanton Strings, no more with Lays
" Alternate, from Oblivion dark redeem
" The mighty Dead, and vindicate their Fame.
" Vain are thy Toils, O HOBBINOL! and all
" Thy Triumphs vain. Who ſhall record, brave Man!
" Thy bold Exploits? Who ſhall thy Grandeur tell
" Supreme of *Kiftſgate*? See thy faithful Bard,
" Deſpoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye Hills!
" Whoſe vocal Clifts were taught by joyous Song.
" Or thou, fair Nymph, *Avona!* on whoſe Banks
" The frolic Crowd, led by my num'rous Strains
" Their Orgies kept, and friſk'd it o'er the Green,
" Jocund, and gay, while thy remurm'ring Streams
" Danc'd by, well-pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly Waves
" O'erwhelm a Wretch, and hide this Head accurs'd."

So

So plains the reſtleſs PHILOMEL, her Neſt,
And callow Young, the tender growing Hope
Of future Harmony, and frail Return
For all her Cares, to barb'rous Churls a Prey;
Darkling ſhe ſings, the Woods repeat her Moan.

The End of the Second CANTO.

ARGU-

Argument of the Third Canto.

GOOD *Eating expedient for Heroes.* Homer *prais'd for keeping a Table.* Hobbinol *triumphant.* Ganderetta's *Bill of Fare. Panegyrick upon Ale. Goſſipping over a Bottle. Compliment to Mr.* John Philips. Ganderetta's *Perplexity diſcover'd by* Hobbinol; *his conſolatory Speech, compares himſelf to* Guy *Earl of* Warwick. Ganderetta *encouraged, ſtrips for the Race; her amiable Figure.* Fuſca *the Gypſy, her dirty Figure.* Tabitha, *her great Reputation for Speed; hired to the diſſenting Academy at* Tewkſbury. *A ſhort Account of* Gamaliel *the Maſter, and his hopeful Scholars.* Tabitha *carries Weight. The* Smock-Race. Tabitha's *Fall.* Fuſca's *ſhort Triumph, her Humiliation.* Ganderetta's *Matchleſs Speed.* Hobbinol *lays the Prize at her Feet. Their mutual Triumph. The Viſciſſitude of human Affairs, experienced by* Hobbinol. Mopſa, *formerly his Servant, with her two Children appears to him.* Mopſa's *Speech; aſſaults* Ganderetta; *her Flight.* Hobbinol's *prodigious Fright, is taken into Cuſtody by Conſtables, and dragged to Sir* Rhadamanth's.

CANTO III.

THO' ſome of old, and ſome of modern Date,
Penurious, their victorious Heroes fed
With barren Praiſe alone; yet thou, my Muſe!
Benevolent, with more indulgent Eyes
Behold the Mortal HOBBINOL; reward
With due Regalement his triumphant Toils.
Let *Quixot*'s hardy Courage, and Renown,
With *Sancho*'s prudent Care be meetly join'd.

O THOU of Bards ſupreme, *Mæonides!*
What well-fed Heroes grace thy hallow'd Page!
Laden with glorious Spoils, and gay with Blood
Of ſlaughter'd Hoſts, the Victor Chief returns.
Whole *Troy* before him fled, and Men, and Gods,
Oppos'd in vain. For the brave Man whoſe Arm,
Repell'd his Country's Wrong, ev'n he, the great
Atrides, King of Kings, ev'n he prepares
With his own Royal Hand the ſumptuous Feaſt.

Full

Full to the Brim, the brazen Caldrons ſmoke,
Thro' all the buſy Camp the riſing Blaze
Atteſts their Joy; Heroes, and Kings forego
Their State, and Pride, and at his Elbow wait
Obſequious. On a poliſh'd Charger plac'd,
The bulky Chine, with plenteous Fat inlaid,
Of golden Hue, magnificently ſhines.
The choiceſt Morſels, ſever'd to the Gods,
The Hero next, well-paid for all his Wounds,
The rich Repaſt divides with *Jove*; from out
The ſparkling Bowl he draws the gen'rous Wine,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd; with unſtinted Joy
His Heart o'erflows. In like triumphant Port
Sate the victorious HOBBINOL; the Crowd
Tranſported view, and bleſs their glorious Chief:
All *Kiftſgate* ſounds his Praiſe with joint Acclaim.
Him ev'ry Voice, him ev'ry Knee confeſs'd,
In Merit as in Right, their King. Upon
The flow'ry Turf, Earth's painted Lap, are ſpread
The rural Dainties; ſuch as Nature boon
Preſents with laviſh Hand, or ſuch as owe
To GANDERETTA's Care their grateful Taſte,
Delicious. For ſhe long ſince prepar'd
To celebrate this Day, and with good Chear
To grace his Triumphs. Chryſtal Gooſe-berries
Are pil'd on Heaps; in vain the Parent-Tree
Defends her luſcious Fruit with pointed Spears.
The ruby-tinctur'd Corinth cluſt'ring hangs,
And emulates the Grape; green Codlings float

In

In dulcet Creams; nor wants the laſt Year's Store,
The hardy Nut, in ſolid Mail ſecure,
Impregnable to Winter Froſts, repays
Its Hoarder's Care. The Cuſtard's gellied Flood
Impatient Youth, with greedy Joy, devours.
Cheeſcakes, and Pyes, in various Forms uprais'd,
In well-built Pyramids, aſpiring ſtand.
Black Hams, and Tongues, that Speechleſs can perſuade
To ply the briſk Carouſe, and chear the Soul
With jovial Draughts. Nor does the jolly God
Deny his precious Gifts; here jocund Swains,
In uncouth Mirth delighted, ſporting, quaff
Their native Bev'rage; in the brimming Glaſs
The liquid Amber ſmiles. *Britons*, no more
Dread your invading Foes; let the falſe *Gaul*,
Of Rule inſatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by ſubtil Wiles, from th' adverſe Shore
Pour forth this num'rous Hoſts; *Iberia!* join
Thy tow'ring Fleets, once more aloft diſplay
Thy conſecrated Banners, fill thy Sails
With Pray'rs and Vows, moſt formidably ſtrong
In holy Trump'ry, let old Ocean groan
Beneath thy proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitleſs all their Toils,
Vain ev'ry raſh Effort, while our fat Glebe,
Of Barley-Grain productive, ſtill ſupplies
The flowing Treaſure, and with Sums immenſe

Supports the Throne; while this rich Cordial warms
The Farmer's Courage, arms his ſtubborn Soul
With native Honour, and reſiſtleſs Rage.
Thus vaunt the Crowd, each free-born Heart o'erflows
With *Britain*'s Glory, and his Country's Love.

HERE in a merry Knot combin'd, the Nymphs
Pour out meliſluous Streams, the balmy Spoils
Of the laborious Bee. The modeſt Maid
But coyly ſips, and bluſhing drinks, abaſh'd;
Each Lover, with obſervant Eye, beholds
Her graceful Shame, and at her glowing Cheeks
Rekindles all his Fires. But Matrons ſage,
Better experienc'd, and inſtructed well
In midnight Myſteries and Feaſt-rites old,
Graſp the capacious Bowl; nor ceaſe to draw
The ſpumy Nectar. Healths of gay Import
Fly merrily about; now Scandal ſly
Inſinuating gilds the ſpecious Tale
With treach'rous Praiſe, and with a double Face
Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely ſneers.
'Till circling Brimmers ev'ry Veil withdraw,
And dauntleſs Impudence appears unmask'd.
Others apart, in the cool Shade retir'd,
Silurian Cyder quaff, by that great Bard
Ennobled, who firſt taught my groveling Muſe
To mount aerial. O! cou'd I but raiſe.

My

My feeble Voice to his exalted Strains,
Or to the Height of this great Argument,
The gen'rous Liquid in each Line ſhou'd bounce
Spirit'ous, nor oppreſſive Cork ſubdue
Its foaming Rage; but to the lofty Theme
Unequal, Muſe, decline the pleaſing Taſk.

THUS they luxurious, on the graſſy Turf,
Revell'd at large: While nought around was heard
But Mirth confus'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd Joy,
And Laughter far reſounding; ſerious Care
Found here no Place, to GANDERETTA's Breaſt
Retiring; there with Hopes, and Fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating Mind. Hence the ſoft Sigh
Eſcapes unheeded Spight of all her Art;
The trembling Bluſhes, on her lovely Cheeks,
Alternate ebb, and flow; from the full Glaſs
She flies abſtemious, ſhuns th' untaſted Feaſt.
But careful HOBBINOL, whoſe am'rous Eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting ſtill the Place
Where his dear Treaſure lay, diſcover'd ſoon
Her ſecret Woe, and bore a Lover's Part.
Compaſſion melts his Soul, her glowing Cheeks
He kiſs'd, enamour'd, and her panting Heart
He preſs'd to his; then with theſe ſoothing Words,
Tenderly ſmiling, her faint Hopes reviv'd.

"COURAGE, my Fair! the ſplendid Prize is thine.
"Indulgent Fortune will not damp our Joys,

" Nor blaſt the Glories of this happy Day.
" Hear me, ye Swains! Ye Men of *Kiftſgate!* hear:
" Tho' great the Honours by your Hands conferr'd,
" Theſe royal Ornamemts, tho' great the Force
" Of this puiſſant Arm, as all muſt own,
" Who ſaw this Day the bold GORGONIUS fall;
" Yet were I more renown'd for Feats of Arms,
" And knightly Proweſs, than that mighty *Guy*,
" So fam'd in antique Song, *Warwick*'s great Earl,
" Who ſlew the Giant *Colbrand*, in fierce Fight
" Maintain'd a Summer's Day, and freed this Realm
" From *Daniſh* Vaſſalage; his pond'rous Sword,
" And maſſy Spear, atteſt the glorious Deed;
" Nor leſs his hoſpitable Soul is ſeen
" In that capacious Cauldron, whoſe large Freight
" Might feaſt a Province: Yet were I like him
" The Nation's Pride, like him I cou'd forgo
" All earthly Grandeur, wander thro' the World
" A jocund Pilgrim, in the loneſome Den,
" And rocky Cave, with theſe my royal Hands
" Scoop the cold Stream, with Herbs, and Roots content,
" Mean Suſtenance; cou'd I by this but gain,
" For the dear Fair, the Prize her Heart deſires.
" Believe me, charming Maid! I'd be a Worm,
" The meaneſt Inſect, and the loweſt Thing,

" The

" The World deſpiſes, to enhance thy Fame,"
So chear'd he his fair Queen, and ſhe was chear'd.

Now with a noble Confidence inſpir'd,
Her Looks aſſure Succeſs, now ſtrip'd of all
Her cumb'rous Veſtments, Beauty's vain Diſguiſe,
She ſhines unclouded in her native Charms.
Her plaited Hair behind her in a Brede
Hung careleſs, with becoming Grace each Bluſh
Varied her Cheeks, than the gay riſing Dawn
More lovely, when the new-born Light ſalutes
The joyful Earth, impurpling half the Skies.
Her heaving Breaſt, thro' the thin Cov'ring view'd,
Fix'd each Beholder's Eye; her taper Thighs,
And Lineaments exact, wou'd mock the Skill
Of *Phidias*; Nature alone can form
Such due Proportion. To compare with her
Oread, or *Dryad*, or of *Delia*'s Train,
Fair Virgin Huntreſs, for the Chace array'd
With painted Quiver, and unerring Bow,
Were but to leſſen her ſuperior Mien,
And Goddeſs-like Deport. The Maſter's Hand,
Rare Artiſan! with proper Shades improves
His liv'ly Colouring; ſo here, to grace
Her brighter Charms, next her upon the Plain
FUSCA the Brown appears, with greedy Eye
Views the rich Prize, her tawny Front erects
Audacious, and with her Legs unclean,
Booted with Grime, and with her freckled Skin
Offends

Offends the Crowd. She of the gypſy Train
Had wander'd long, and the Sun's ſcorching Rays
Imbrown'd her Viſage grim; artful to view
The ſpreading Palm, and with vile Cant deceive
The Love-ſick Maid, who barters all her Store,
For airy Viſions and fallacious Hope.
GORGONIUS, if the current Fame ſay true,
Her Comrade once, they many a merry Prank
Together play'd, and many a Mile had ſtrol'd,
For him fit Mate. Next TABITHA the tall
Strode o'er the Plain, with huge Gigantick Pace,
And overlook'd the Crowd, known far and near
For matchleſs Speed; ſhe many a Prize had won,
Pride of that neighb'ring * Mart, for Muſtard fam'd,
Sharp-biting Grain, where amicably join
The Siſter Floods, and with their liquid Arms
Greeting embrace. Here *Gamaliel* ſage,
Of *Cameronian* Brood, with ruling Rod
Trains up his Babes of Grace, inſtructed well
In all the gainful Diſcipline of Pray'r,
To point the holy Leer, by juſt Degrees
To cloſe the twinkling Eye, t'expand the Palms,
T'expoſe the Whites, and with the ſightleſs Ball
To glare upon the Crowd, to raiſe, or ſink
The docile Voice, now murm'ring ſoft and low
With inward Accent calm, and then again,

* *Tewkſbury* in the Vale of *Eveſham*, where the *Avon* runs into the *Severn*.

In

In foaming Floods of rapt'rous Eloquence,
Let looſe the Storm, and thunder thro' the Noſe
The threat'ned Vengeance: Ev'ry Muſe prophane
Is baniſh'd hence, and *Heliconian* Streams
Deſerted, the fam'd *Leman* Lake ſupplies
More plenteous Draughts, of more divine Import.
Hail, happy Youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
Each Grace divine beſtows, nor yet denies
Carnal Beatitudes, ſweet Privilege
Of Saints elect! Royal Prerogative!
Here in domeſtick Cares employ'd and bound
To annual Servitude, frail TABITHA
Her priſtin Vigour loſt, now mourns in vain
Her ſharpen'd Viſage, and the ſickly Qualms
That grieve her Soul; a Prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedleſs by: Yet her undaunted Mind
Still meditates the Prize, and ſtill ſhe hopes,
Beneath th' unwieldy Load, her wonted Speed.
Others of meaner Fame the ſtately Muſe
Records not, on more lofty Flights intent
She ſpurns the Ground, and mounts her native
Skies.

ROOM for the Maſter of the Ring; ye Swains!
Divide your crowded Ranks. See! there on high
The glitt'ring Prize, on the tall Standard born,
Waving in Air; before him march in Files
The rural Minſtrilſy, the rattling Drum
Of ſolemn Sound, and the animating Horn,

Each

Each Huntſman's Joy; the Tabor and the Pipe,
Companion dear at Feaſts, whoſe chearful Notes
Give Life, and Motion to th' unwieldy Clown.
Ev'n Age revives, and the pale puking Maid
Feels ruddy Health rekindling on her Cheeks,
And with new Vigour trips it o'er the Plain.
Counting each careful Step, he Paces o'er
Th' allotted Ground, and fixes at the Goal
His Standard, there himſelf majeſtic ſwells.
Stretch'd in a Line, the panting Rivals wait
Th' expected Signal, with impatient Eyes
Meaſure the Space between, and in Conceit
Already graſp the warm-conteſted Prize.
Now all at once ruſh forward to the Goal,
And Step by Step, and Side by Side, they ply
Their buſy Feet, and leave the Crowd behind,
Quick heaves each Breaſt, and quick they ſhoot along,
Thro' the divided Air, and bound it o'er the Plain.
To this to that capricious Fortune deals
Short Hopes, ſhort Fears, and momentary Joy.
The breathleſs Throng, with open Throats purſue,
And broken Accents ſhout imperfect Praiſe.
Such Noiſe confus'd is heard, ſuch wild Uproar,
When on the Main the ſwelling Surges riſe,
Daſh o'er the Rocks, and hurrying thro' the Flood,
Drive on each others Backs and crowd the Strand.
Before the reſt tall TABITHA was ſeen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the Field;

Swift

Swift as the ſhooting Star that gilds the Night
With rapid tranſient Blaze, ſhe runs, ſhe flies;
Sudden ſhe ſtops, nor longer can endure
The painful Courſe, but drooping ſinks away,
And like that falling Meteor, there ſhe lies
A Jelly cold on Earth. FUSCA with Joy,
Beheld her wretched Plight; o'er the pale Courſe
Inſulting bounds; Hope gave her Wings, and now
Exerting all her Speed, Step after Step,
At GANDERETTA's Elbow urg'd her Way
Her Shoulder preſſing, and with poys'nous Breath
Tainting her Iv'ry neck. Long while had held
The ſharp Conteſt, had not propitious Heav'n
With partial Hands to ſuch tranſcendent Charms
Diſpens'd its Favours. For as o'er the Green
The careleſs Gypſy, with incautious Speed,
Puſh'd forward, and her Rival Fair had reach'd
With equal Pace, and only not o'erpaſs'd;
Haply ſhe treads, where late the merry Train,
In waſteful Luxury, and wanton Joy,
Laviſh had ſpilt the Cyder's froathy Flood,
And Mead with Cuſtard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treach'rous Puddle ſtruggling long,
She ſlipt, ſhe fell, upon her Back ſupine
Extended lay; the laughing Multitude
With noiſy Scorn approve her juſt Diſgrace.
As the ſlick Lev'ret ſkims before the Pack
So flies the Nymph, and ſo the Crowd purſue.

Born

Born on the Wings of Wind, the dear one flies,
Swift as the various Goddeſs, nor leſs bright
In Beauty's Prime; when thro' the yielding Air
She darts along, and with refracted Rays
Paints the gay Clouds; celeſtial Meſſenger,
Charg'd with the high Beheſts of Heav'n's great Queen!
Her at the Goal with open Arms receiv'd
Fond HOBBINOL; with active Leap he ſeiz'd
The coſtly Prize, and laid it at her Feet.
Then pauſing ſtood, dumb with Exceſs of Joy.
Expreſſive Silence for each tender Glance
Betray'd the Raptures, that his Tongue conceal'd.
Leſs mute the Crowd, in echoing Shouts, applaud
Her Speed, her Beauty, his obſequious Love.

UPON a little Eminence, whoſe Top
O'erlook'd the Plain, a Steep, but ſhort Aſcent,
Plac'd in a Chair of State with Garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the Fragrance of the Spring,
Fair GANDERETTA ſhone; like Mother *Eve*
In her gay Sylvan Lodge, delicious Bow'r!
Where Nature's wanton Hand above the Reach
Of Rule, or Art, had laviſh'd all her Store,
To deck the flow'ry Roof; and at her Side,
Imperial HOBBINOL, with Front ſublime,
Great as a *Roman* Conſul, juſt return'd
From Cities ſack'd, and Provinces laid waſte.
In his paternal Wicker ſat, enthron'd.

With

With eager Eyes the Crowd about them preſs,
Ambitious to behold the happy Pair.
Each Voice, each Inſtrument, proclaims their Joy
With loudeſt Vehemence; Such Noiſe is heard,
Such a tumultuous Din, when, at the Call
Of *Britain's* Sovereign, the Ruſtic Bands
O'erſpread the Fields; the ſubtil Candidates
Diſſembled Homage pay, and court the Fools
Whom they deſpiſe; each proud majeſtick Clown
Looks big, and ſhouts amain, mad with the Taſte
Of Pow'r Supreme, frail Empire of a Day!
That with the ſetting Sun extinct is loſt.

Nor is thy Grandeur, mighty HOBBINOL!
Of longer Date; ſhort is, alas! the Reign
Of mortal Pride: We play our Parts a while,
And ſtrut upon the Stage; the Scence is chang'd,
And offers us a Dungeon for a Throne.
Wretched Viciſſitude! for after all
His tinſel Dreams of Empire and Renown,
Fortune, capricious Dame, withdraws at once
The goodly Proſpect, to his Eyes preſents
Her whom his conſcious Soul abhorr'd and fear'd.
Lo! puſhing thro' the Crowd, a meagre Form,
With haſty Step, and Viſage incompos'd!
Wildly ſhe ſtar'd; Rage ſparkled in her Eyes,
And Poverty ſat ſhrinking on her Cheeks.
Yet thro' the Cloud, that hung upon her Brows,
A faded Luſtre broke, that dimly ſhone

Shorn of its Beams, the Ruins of a Face,
Impair'd by Time and ſhatter'd by Misfortunes.
A froward Babe hung at her flabby Breaſt,
And tug'd for Life; but wept with hideous Moan,
His fruſtrate Hopes, and unavailing Pains.
Another o'er her bending Shoulder peep'd
Swadled around with Rags of various Hue.
He kens his Comrade-Twin, with envious Eye,
As of his Share defrauded; then amain
He alſo Screames, and to his Brother's Cries,
In doleful Conſort joins his loud Laments.
O dire Effect of lawleſs Love! O Sting
Of Pleaſures paſt! As when a full-freight Ship,
Bleſt in a rich Return of Pearl, or Gold,
Or fragrant Spice, or Silks of coſtly Die,
Makes to the wiſh'd-for Port with ſwelling Sails,
And all her gaudy Trim diſplay'd; o'erjoy'd
The Maſter ſmiles; but if from ſome ſmall Creek,
A lurking Corſair the rich Quarry ſpies,
With all her Sails bears down upon her Prey,
And Peals of Thunder from her hollow Sides
Check his triumphant Courſe; aghaſt he ſtands,
Stiffen'd with Fear, unable to reſiſt,
And impotent to fly; all his fond Hopes
Are daſh'd at once; nought now, alas! remains
But the ſad Choice of Slavery, or Death.
So far'd it with the hapleſs HOBBINOL,
In the full Blaze of his triumphant Joy
Surpriz'd by her, whoſe dreadful Face alone

Cou'd

Cou'd ſhake his ſtedfaſt Soul. In vain he turns
And ſhifts his Place averſe; ſhe haunts him ſtill,
And glares upon him with her haggard Eyes,
That fiercely ſpoke her Wrongs. Words ſwell'd with Sighs
At length burſt forth, and thus ſhe ſtorms enrag'd.

" KNOW'ST thou not me? falſe Man! not to know me
" Argues thyſelf unknowing of thyſelf,
" Puff'd up with Pride, and bloated with Succeſs.
" Is injur'd MOPSA then ſo ſoon forgot?
" Thou knew'ſt me once, ah! woe is me! thou didſt.
" But if laborious Days, and ſleepleſs Nights,
" If Hunger, Cold, Contempt, and Penury,
" Inſeparable Gueſts, have thus diſguis'd
" Thy once belov'd, thy Hand-maid dear; if thine,
" And Fortune's Frowns have blaſted all my Charms;
" If here no Roſes grow, no Lillies bloom,
" Nor rear their Heads on this neglected Face;
" If thro' the World I range a ſlighted Shade,
" The Ghoſt of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
" At leaſt know theſe. See! this ſweet-ſimp'ring Babe,
" Dear Image of thyſelf; ſee! how it ſprunts
" With Joy at thy Approach! ſee, how it gilds
" Its ſoft ſmooth Face, with falſe paternal Smiles!

" Native

" Native Deceit, from thee, baſe Man, deriv'd!
" Or view this other Elf, in ev'ry Art
" Of ſmiling Fraud, in ev'ry treach'rous Leer,
" The very HOBBINOL! Ah! cruel Man!
" Wicked, ingrate! and cou'd'ſt thou then ſo ſoon,
" So ſoon forget that pleaſing fatal Night,
" When me beneath the flow'ry Thorn ſurpriz'd,
" Thy artful Wiles betray'd? Was there a Star,
" By which thou didſt not ſwear? was there a Curſe,
" A Plague on Earth, thou didſt not then invoke
" On that devoted Head; if e'er thy Heart
" Prov'd haggard to my Love, if e'er thy Hand
" Declin'd the nuptial Bond? But, oh! too well,
" Too well alas! my throbbing Breaſt perceiv'd
" The black impending Storm; the conſcious Moon
" Veil'd in a ſable Cloud her modeſt Face,
" And boding Owls proclaim'd the dire Event.
" And yet I love thee.----Oh! cou'd'ſt thou behold
" That Image dwelling in my Heart! But why?
" Why waſte I here theſe unavailing Tears?
" On this thy Minion, on this tawdry Thing,
" On this gay Victim, thus with Garlands crown'd,
" All, all, my Vengeance fall! Ye Lightnings blaſt
" That Face accurs'd, the Source of all my Woe!
" Arm, arm, ye Furies! arm; all Hell break looſe!
" While thus I lead you to my juſt Revenge,

" And

" And thus"---Upſtarts th' aſtoniſh'd HOBBIN
To ſave his better Half, " Fly, fly, he cries,
" Fly, my dear Life, the Fiend's malicious Ra ge."
Born on the Wings of Fear away ſhe bounds,
And in the Neighb'ring Village pants, forlorn.
So the cours'd Hare to the cloſe Covert flies,
Still trembling, tho' ſecure. Poor HOBBINOL
More grievous Ills attend, around him preſs
A Multitude, with huge *Herculean* Clubs,
Terrific Band! the Royal Mandate theſe
Inſulting ſhew: Arreſted, and amaz'd,
Half dead he ſtands; no Friends dare interpoſe,
But bow dejected to th' Imperial Scroll.
Such is the Force of Law. While conſcious Shame
Sits heavy on his Brow, they view the Wretch
To RHADAMANTH's auguſt Tribunal drag'd.
Good RHADAMANTH! to ev'ry wanton Clown
Severe, indulgent to himſelf alone.

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